



# ZANE GREY'S

AUTHORIZED EDITION

10¢

NO. 157

## SPIRIT OF THE BORDER



# SOME WEAPONS

AND USEFUL GEAR OF THE EASTERN WOODLAND INDIANS



SHAWNEE HEADDRESS WAS MADE OF EAGLE AND OSPREY FEATHERS, TRIMMED WITH THE VARICOLORED FEATHERS OF LESSER BIRDS, WITH A BAND OF QUILL WORK... THE ORIGINAL MODEL FOR THE FAMILIAR CIGAR-STORE INDIAN.

MEDICINE WAR BUNDLE  
SAC - FOX TRIBES



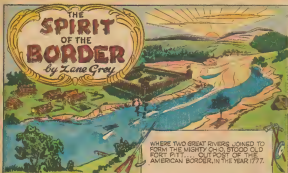
CARRIED BY WAR PARTIES, IT CONTAINED AMULETS, CHARMS, CROOKED DRUMSTICKS (USED IN CEREMONIALS), FOUR WAR WHISTLES (ALSO USED IN CEREMONIALS), AND CEREMONIAL TOMAHAWKS.



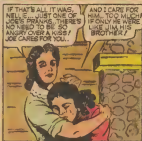
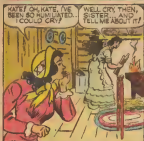
THE TRADITIONAL KNIVES AND TOMAHAWKS WERE OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE SHAPE AND SIZE.

THE COMBINATION OF A PEACE PIPE AND TOMAHAWK WAS FREQUENT.

*CONTINUED ON BACK INSIDE COVER*











FOR TWO DAYS THE SHAWNEES MARCHED. AT A PACE THAT EXHAUSTED THEIR CAPTIVES. EVIDENTLY THEY WERE BOUND FOR THEIR OWN VILLAGE.









THAT NIGHT A CHILL  
OF FEAR SEEMED TO CREEP  
THROUGH THE WOODS.  
THE SHAWNEES LIGHTED NO FIRE.



JIM! WHAT'S THAT THE  
INDIANS KEEP REPEATING UNDER  
THEIR BREATH? IT SOUNDS  
LIKE FRENCH.

IT IS FRENCH:  
LE VENT DE LA MORT.  
IT MEANS THE WIND  
OF DEATH... AN  
INDIAN SUPERSTITION  
PROBABLY.



EXHAUSTED, THE  
BROTHERS SLEPT... EVEN THE  
INDIAN SENTRY DROWESE... AND  
THROUGH THE FOREST BREATHED  
A SOUND LIKE THE MOANING OF A WIND.



AS THE WINDY MOAN ROSE AGAIN, THE SENTRY'S  
EYES OPENED WILDLY IN A FEAR-STOCKEN FACE.



THE NEXT INSTANT HE WAS A DRIFTING SHADOW STEAM-  
ING NOBLELESSLY AWAY ON THE HEDS OF HIS CHIEF.



JIM! THE WIND?  
THE WIND OF DEATH...  
IT'S COMING CLOSER.



AN HOUR / PASSED IN BREATHLESS SILENCE.  
THEN A / DARK BLUR TOOK SHAPE, MOVING  
TOWARD THE RED-SKINNED SLEEPERS.





BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS CLEAVED  
THE MIGHTY RIVER WITH THE LITTLE  
FORT NESTED AT THEIR BASE.

COME! WE'RE STILL AN  
HOUR FROM THE RIVER  
...WITH A LONG SWIM  
BEYOND THAT... AND  
THERE'S A FEW DOZEN  
HOSTILE INDIANS STILL  
ON OUR TRAIL!

COMING, WETZEL!  
I DON'T CARE TO  
LET SILVERTIP  
OR GIRTY FEED  
ME TO THE  
BUZZARDS...YET!



COLONEL JANE, THE BOYS  
ARE IN! AND JOE, DOWN...  
THEY'RE HOPEING THE REST  
OF THEIR FORTY GOT HERE  
SAFE, FROM FORT PI.

THEY DID!  
AND WE'LL  
COME TO  
FORT HENRY,  
LADS.



JOE, HERE, HAD A PIECE  
OF LUCK, I ENVY...  
HE PULLED JIM  
GIRTY'S NOSE.

WHAT? YOU DID? GOOD!  
THAT'S GREAT! GIRTY IS  
A FOUL ANIMAL, BUT TELL  
ME ABOUT IT LATER, YOU'LL  
NEED REST AND A CHANGE  
OF CLOTHES.



PLEASE GOD, WE'LL FIND THAT  
THE WELLS SISTERS AND  
THEIR UNCLE HAVE REACHED  
THERE SAFE AND SOUND!

ESPECIALLY WELL,  
YOU'RE THINKING...  
AREN'T YOU? I'VE  
SEEN YOU  
LOOKING AT HER.



LEW WETZEL!  
WHAT LUCK?  
AND WHO'S WITH  
YOU?

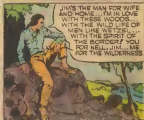


TWO HOURS LATER

THINK OF FINDING OUR  
OWN PACKS HERE, JOE!  
COLONEL JANE SAYS JEFF  
TOOK THEM FROM OUR  
RAFT, HARDLY WET.

YES...WE'D HAVE HAD  
TO BORROW EVERY-  
THING IF WE'D LOST  
THEY. BUT I FIGURE  
TO TRADE NINE FOR A  
SUIT OF BUCKSKINS.









"LEWIS WETZEL ARRIVED WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, AND THE SHOCK NEARLY KILLED HIM



"HE WAS ILL FOR A LONG TIME ...



"WHEN HE RECOVERED HE WENT IN SEARCH OF HIS TWO BROTHERS, JOHN AND MARTIN, WHO WERE AWAY HUNTING.



"LEWIS BROUGHT THEM BACK TO THE GRAVES OF THEIR LOVED ONES AND THE ASHES OF THEIR HOME...



"AND THERE THE THREE YOUNG MEN SWORE THE OATH OF VENGEANCE THAT HIS EVER SINCE CONDEMNED THEM TO LONELY, BLOODY PATHS!



"LEW WETZEL'S NAME SOON BECAME FAMOUS ON THE BORDER, MORE THAN ONCE A SETTLER WOULD AWAKE TO FIND HOSTILE INDIANS IN HIS YARD DEAD AND SCALPED!



"WETZEL, HE WOULD MUTTER, AND HIS FRIGHTENED WIFE WOULD ADD 'I HEARD THE DEATHWIND MOAN LAST NIGHT!'



HE STORY IMPRESSED YOU JOE?

TREMENDOUSLY! BUT IN SPIRIT OF ITS BITTERNESS, IT MAKES HIM HUMAN...AND HERE HE IS!



COLONEL JANE, DO YOU THINK LIT WETZEL WOULD TEACH ME A BIT OF WOOD-CRAFT---WHAT A MAN NEEDS TO KNOW IN THIS WILDERNESS? IF I DARED TO ASK HIM---

IT WOULD DO NO HARM TO ASK... FOR SOME REASON, HE HAS TAKEN A GREAT LIKING FOR YOU...HE TOLD ME THAT YOU'VE "CAUGHT THE BORDER SPIRIT."



YES...HE'S RIGHT THERE! MY BROTHER JIM CAME OUT TO PREACH TO THE REDSKINS---I'D RATHER HUNT THEM! OH, I KNOW THE COST: SOME DAY I'LL FALL TO AN INDIAN'S KNIFE OR GUN! BUT THE BORDER NEEDS HUNTERS AS WELL AS PREACHERS, I RECKON.



TWO NIGHTS LATER UNDER THE BLUE BLACK YAOULT OF NIGHT, THE TRAVELERS WERE AGAIN ON THEIR WAY.



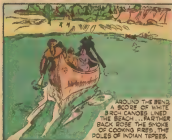
IN THE LEADING CANOE MANEVED BY WETZEL AND JOE DOWNING HAD BLOWN HEARD ALL OF THE PARTY'S BAGGAGE.



IN THE SECOND CANOE-THAN CAME THE COLONEL'S BROTHER AND A FANCY GUIDE, PILOTED THE MISCHERANS AND THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN... THERE WAS NO TALK--LEST IT REACH HOSTILE EARS ALONG THE RIVERBANK.



AT ON-BREAK WETZEL RAN HIS CANOE ASHORE, JUST AHEAD OF A SHARP BEND.





COME! I WILL SHOW YOU OUR CHURCH, OUR WORKSHOP, OUR FARM---YOU CAN SEE THEM ALL FROM THE HILL YONDER! UNLESS YOU ARE TOO TIRED?

TOO TIRED TO SEE THE FIELD OF OUR NEW LABORS? INDEED NOT!

SEE! WE FENCE OFF OUR CROPS FROM THE COWS--BUT THE WILD DEER ARE GROWING TAME TOO, AND THEY JUMP OVER ANYTHING.



"BEHOLD--- THE VILLAGE OF PEACE"



BEAUTIFUL---IS IT NOT? BUT THE STORY BEHIND IT IS STILL MORE WONDER-FULL! SHALL I TELL IT TO YOU NOW?

DO THAT, PLEASE, MR. ZEISBERGER! TO HEAR IT FROM YOU WILL BE A TREAT.



**M**ORE THAN TEN YEARS AGO SIXTEEN BISHOPS LANDED AT THE LOVELY SPOT. THE MISSIONARIES AND CONVERTED INDIANS WHO CAME IN THEM BUILT A TINY CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT--- TO GIVE TO SAVAGE TRIBES A LIVING PROOF, PROOF OF WHAT A WONDERFUL CHANGE GOD'S SON CAN MAKE IN RED MAN AND WHITE, WHEN HE LIVES WITHIN THEIR HEARTS!

"INDIANS FROM EVERY TRIBE CAME FLOCKING TO SEE AND TO HEAR THE NEW TEACHING. MANY DOUBTED, SOME BELIEVED. EXCITEMENT ROSE HIGH WHEN GLUCKHICAN, WISEST OF THE TURTLE TRIBE OF THE DELAWARES, GAVE HIMSELF TO THE PALEFACES' GOD.

"MORE AND MORE SAVAGES CAME TO HEAR THE MISSION-ARIES. SOME OF THOSE WHO BELIEVED CAME TO LIVE HERE. WE TAUGHT THEM TO BE SAVED WORKMEN. SOON A PROSPEROUS TOWN AROSE, THE PEACE, WARLIKE TRIBES OF THE FOREST AND PLAIN NAMED IT 'THE VILLAGE OF PEACE'. HERE THE TOMAHAWK IS BURIED. ALL MEN MAY ENTER. WE NEED NO FORTS---NO STOCKADES. WE CHRISTIANS FEAR ONLY THE GOD WHO LOVES---AND JUDGES---MANKIND!"





BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL, MR. ZEISBERGER!

HERE COMES JONATHAN ZANE... BUT WHERE IS MY BROTHER, JOE?



MR. DOWNS, I HAVE SURPRISING NEWS... YOUR BROTHER IS GONE!

GONE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

GONE WHERE? WHERE IS MR. WETZEL?



THEY'RE BOTH GONE, CANOE AND ALL... I KNEW WETZEL WAS GOING, BUT I DON'T CALCULATE ON THE LAD. IF HE WANTS TO BE A WOODSMAN, HE COULD HAVE NO BETTER TEACHER THAN LEW.



HE WILL COME BACK! SURELY HE WILL COME BACK WHEN...

NEVER! I DON'T TELL YOU, JIM... BUT HE SAW WHEN YOU KISSED ME. YOU SEE, HE LOVED US BOTH!

THROUGH THE EARLY SUMMER DAYS FOLLOWED GOLDEN DAYS IN HAPPY PROCESSION AT THE VILLAGE OF PEACE... HOURS OF WORSHIP ANNOUNCED BY THE CHURCH BELL DREW EVERYONE BUT THE FEW WHO MIGHT BE SL.





JIM DOWNING LEARNED THE INDIAN LANGUAGE RAPIDLY, WORKING SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE RED-SKINNED CONVERTS.



AND NOT MANY MILES AWAY, IN A VALLEY THAT TEEMED WITH WILD GAME, HIS BROTHER JOE WAS PERFECTING HIS WOODCRAFT.



FROM THE TOP OF A LEAFY FOREST GIANT, A SQUIRREL LOOKED DOWN AT THE SLOW-STEPPING HUNTER---A FATAL MISTAKE.



JOE'S RIFLE MOVED LIGHTLY TO HIS SHOULDER. AT ITS MUZZLE, POWDER SMOKE BLOOMED WHITE.



FOUR OF 'EM! THAT'LL MAKE SUPPER FOR LEW AND ME.



I COUNTED FOUR SHOTS-- YOU'LL MAKE A WOODSMAN BEFORE LONG, BOY! NOW WE'LL GO HOME AND COOK 'EM.



WETZEL'S HOME WAS ONE THAT FEW CREATURES EXCEPT A BIRD COULD HAVE REACHED.



FOR A DWELLING, JOE DORNE PREFERRED THIS LONELY CAVE IN THE CLIFF TO ANY PLACE HE HAD EVER KNOWN... WETZEL HAD STOCKED IT WITH DRIED FOODS... AND A SPRING AT THE REAR SUPPLIED WATER.



HERE THEY COULD SHUT OUT ALL THE CONSTANT WATCHFULNESS THAT WAS THE PRICE OF LIFE IN AN ENEMY-HAUNTED WILDERNESS.



WHEN DAYLIGHT CAME, THE HUNTERS LEFT THEIR SECRET HOPE BY A HIDDEN TUNNEL—WHICH THEY NEVER USED TO ENTER BY... THAT WOULD HAVE LEFT A TRAIL THAT INDIAN EYES COULD TRACE.



SOMETIMES THEY OUTFIT THE WOODS TO STALK THE BUFFALO.



ONCE WETZEL'S RIFLE BARELY STOPPED A SAVAGE'S TOMAHAWK FROM SNUFFING OUT HIS YOUNG COMPANION'S LIFE.



SUMMER WAS CHANGING INTO EARLY FALL WHEN JOE SPOTTED A STRANGE SIGN—LITTLE CLOUDS OF SAND DRIFTING DOWN THE CREEK.





COME! WE'VE GOT TO CIRCLE AROUND TO WHERE THE CREEK DIVIDES...AND IT'LL TAKE US LONGER THAN THEM!



HIS LIMBS ACHING, BREATH WHISTLING THROUGH HIS TEETH, JOE TRIED TO MATCH THE FAMOUS HUNTER'S SPEED.



THE FEELS...AT A PACE THAT WOULD WIND A HORSE! THE WORLD WAS A SICK BLUE BEFORE JOE'S STARRING EYES, BUT HE KEPT ON RUNNING.



WHEN THEY REACHED THE BANK OF THE CREEK AGAIN, HE FELL EXHAUSTED...WETZEL, BREATHING ONLY A LITTLE HARDER, SEARCHED FOR SIGNS.



SEE! A TWENTY-FOOT CANOE WAS HIDDEN HERE...IT'LL TAKE THEM QUICKER--BUT THEY WON'T GO FAR BEFORE DARK, THEY'LL CAMP...AND THEN--

AND THEN...WE'LL CALL THE TUNNELERS!



THAT NIGHT A PALE MOON BOSS OVER A WOODLAND SPRING. OVER THE SLEEPING FORMS OF CAPTIVES AND CAPTORS A LONE WARRIOR KEPT WATCH.



A FEINT MOAN BREATHED  
THROUGH THE GLADE,  
THE SENTRY STIFFENED.



GRIPPED BY FEAR, THE MAN  
ROUDED A SLEEPING COMPANION...





A MIGHTY  
BOUND--AND DEATHWIND  
WAS GONE, WITH NELL'S  
LIMP POON OVER HIS SHOULDER.



SHARP AND BITTER, A GLEF SPoke  
FROM A THicket ABOVE THE POOL.



BUT IT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR A HUMAN  
BOMBSHELL TO LAND IN THEIR MIDST.



LEAPING TOWARD THE RIFLES, A GURANEE FELL, SHOT  
THROUGH THE HEAD! BRIEFLY THE OTHERS PAUSED...



YELLING SAVAGELY, THE RED MEN CLOSED  
IN ON JOE DOING.



THE FLAILING RIFLE SWEEPED THEM BACK...



---LONG ENOUGH FOR JOE TO  
KNOCK THE PLUNTS OFF THREE RIFLES.





THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO REACH JIM OR KATE... JOE WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS OWN LIFE... HAVING GIVEN NETZEL A SAFE START.



STRUCK DOWN, AN ALLURED SAVAGE SEIZED THE RIFLE... TORE IT FROM JOE'S HANDS.



SUDDENLY HIS ENEMIES WERE UPON HIM... HE PLOWED THROUGH THEM, PARRYING A HUNDRED BLOWS.



FIGHTING FREE, HE PUT HIS WHOLE STRENGTH INTO A DASH FOR ESCAPE! BUT A HURLED TOMAHAWK...



...SPED TRUE TO ITS MARK.



A SERIES OF SHARP SHOCKS ROUSED JOE... HE APOOM A NIGHTMARE... SWEPT HIS SLAPPING HIM WITH HIS OWN WATER-SOAKED BUCKSKINS.

UP, PALEFACE! YOU NOT DIE  
HERE...YOU DIE BEFORE  
COUNCIL LODGE  
OF DELAWARES.



JIM! SORRY  
WE COULDN'T  
DO MORE.

YOU AND MITCHELL DID WONDERS  
JOE... YOU GOT ME AWAY FROM  
THESE BLOOD-THIRSTY CREATURES

PALEFACE!  
STOP TALK OR  
FEEL KNIFE!



NEXT ON THE COUNCIL LODGE OF THE DELAWARES RANG WITH  
SARAGE ORATORY... SEVERAL CHIEFS DEMANDED DEATH FOR THE  
PALEFACE BROTHERS. WINGENLUND, THE GREAT CHIEF LISTENED.

WINGENLUND HAS HEARD THE  
DELAWARE WARRIORS, AND THE  
SHAMANE...WINGENLUND DECIDES  
THUS: FREE WHITE FATHER WHO  
PROMISES PEACE. HIS BROTHER,  
COMMON OF DEATH-WIND,  
MUST DIE!



WHITE FATHER  
...COME!

JOE...  
GOOD-BYE!

GOOD-BYE,  
OLD  
FELLOW!



LET THE SHAMANE  
DRINK HIS CAPTIVE  
BLOOD...FOR THE  
TORTURE!

SHAMANE HEARS  
WINGENLUND! PALEFACES  
TORTURE WILL BRING  
HONOR TO THE SHAMANE





FOR TORTURE?  
NO! NO!



WHISPERING  
WINDS, DAUGHTER  
OF CHIEF  
WINGENLUND,  
TAKES THE PALE-  
FACE FOR HER  
HUSBAND!



HAS MY DAUGHTER LOST  
HER MIND? THIS PALEFACE  
KNOWS SHE HAS  
CHOSEN HER HUSBAND!  
IS THE COMMISSION OF  
DEATH-WIND, PERHAPS?  
WHISPERING WINDS  
DO NOT KNOW!

WHISPERING WINDS  
KNOWS SHE HAS  
CHOSEN HER HUSBAND!  
IT IS HER RIGHT, BY  
INDIAN  
LAW!



IT IS THE LAW! YOU ARE  
FREE, PALEFACE, TO LODGE  
AMONG THE WOLF TRIBE  
OF THE DELAWARES --- BUT  
NOT TO LEAVE THEM.  
WINGENLUND HAS SPOKE!



AS IN A DREAM, JOE DURING FOLLOWED  
HIS PALE RESCUEE, PAST THE TEPEES  
OF THE DELAWARE VILLAGE...



WHISPERING WINDS!  
THIS IS... YOUR HOME?

THIS ---  
OUR --- HOME ---  
MY HUSBAND!



WINDS! WHY DO  
YOU SAVE ME...  
AT SUCH A COST?

WHISPERING WINDS  
IS CHRISTIAN WINDS  
SEE YOU... WINDS  
LOVE YOU! LOVE  
NOT COUNT COST.

TO A LODGE OF UNUSUAL SIZE.



FOR JOE, THE DREAM OF INDIAN SUMMER UNFOLDED AS A LONG HAPPY DREAM... HE WAS COMPLETELY IN LOVE WITH HIS INDIAN BRIDE...



BUT NOW AND AGAIN THE THOUGHT OF POOR KATE HELD PROBABLE FATE AT THE HANDS OF "BUZZARD JIM" GISTY, RETURNED TO HAUNT HIM... HE WOULD HAVE RISKED HIS OWN LIFE TO LEARN IF SHE WERE ALIVE... BUT WOULD ENDANGER WHISPERING WINDS, TOO.



DOING 'EM SAAC ZANE, BROTHER OF JONATHAN... I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU ---ALONE!

VERY WELL---



TRUBLE'S BREWING, DOWN! I'VE HEARD YOUR STORY AND COME TO WARN YOU... I HAVE AN INDIAN WIFE MYSELF. WE'VE GIVEN OUR LIVES WHAT THREATENS TO WORK FOR PEACE BE- NOW? BIG POW- TWEEN THE REDS AND WHITE, BUT---

GOING ON AT THE COUNCIL LODGE, HERE. BUT I CAN'T LEARN ANYTHING!



THINGS COULDN'T BE MUCH WORSE! THE GITYS AND OTHER RENEGADE WHITES ARE JEALOUS OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION'S INFLUENCE ON ALL THE TRIBES, SO THEY'RE PLOTTING TO Wipe IT OUT, AND EVERY NATIVE CHRISTIAN WITH IT! THEY'VE BEEN JOINED BY SOME POWERFUL CHIEFS, THERE'S STILL TIME FOR THE WHITES TO CLEAR OUT...



MY WIFE IS A CHRISTIAN ---AND I'LL NEVER LEAVE HER WHILE I LIVE!

THEN ESCAPE WITH HER...THE SOONER THE BETTER! PICK A FAST HORSE...I MUST GO NOW TO WARN YOUR BROTHER AT THE VILLAGE OF PEACE.

WINDS! ISAAC ZANE  
CAME TO TELL ME...  
THE GIRTY, WITH THE  
WORTLE CHIEF, MAY  
SOON PRELUDE YOUR  
FATHER WINGENUND TO  
KILL ALL CHRISTIANS...  
WE MUST ESCAPE

I KNOW,  
BELOVED! I  
WOULD HAVE  
TOLD YOU  
IN TIME...

THERE IS  
A BIG  
COUNCIL  
MEETING  
THIS AFTER-  
NOON. JOE  
...WE WILL  
GO THEN!

GOOD! I'LL GET A FAST  
HORSE... YOU RIDE HIM  
ALONE INTO THE WOODS  
HIDE HIM, AND COME  
BACK AROOT. AS IF HE  
HAD RUN AWAY  
FROM YOU...



JOE'S PLAN WORKED WELL

A FINE HORSE! HE  
WILL CARRY US BOTH,  
MY CHIEF.

PERHAPS NOT!  
WINDS, I HAVE SOME-  
THING TO ASK YOU...



THERE WAS A WHITE WOMAN... ONE OF  
A CHRISTIAN--TAKEN CAPTIVE. OF COURSE, WE  
WITH MY BROTHER... GIRTY WILL TRY IF  
HAS HER SOMEWHERE NEAR. YOU THINK WE  
SHOULD IF SHE IS STILL ALIVE? I MUST... BUT, JOE,  
...IF WE COULD  
FIND HER...?

MY HUSBAND...  
PERHAPS WE TRADE  
OUR LIVES FOR  
THE DEAD!



THERE! SOMEWHERE  
IN THAT HOLLOW--  
I THINK-- YOU WILL  
FIND GIRTY'S DEN

ALL RIGHT! GET  
OUT OF RIGHT NOW,  
WINDS, AND WAIT  
FOR ME



I WILL WAIT, MY CHIEF...  
AND I WILL PRAY!





HALF AN HOUR'S CAUTIOUS SCOUTING LOCATED THE DEN—A BADLY MADE HUT OF LOGS... SILENT AS A SNAKE, JOE CRAWLED FORWARD.



HIS FIRST GUMPIE INSIDE MADE HIS HAIR RISE WITH HORROR.



WITH A LION-SPRING, HE CRASHED OPEN THE PLANK DOOR.



FIND! YOU'VE DRIVEN HER MAD!



THIS IS THE LAST OF YOU--VERMIN!

NAY-AH DON'T!



FALEFACE!



NOW--FALEFACE DIE!

SILVERTIP!



IF I CAN GET THAT STICK?

JOE'S CATLIKE LEAP MISSED THE SHAWNEE... BUT NOT THE INDIAN'S TOMAHAWK.









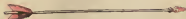




FOR HUNTING SMALL GAME,  
A PRIMITIVE CROSSBOW WAS  
OFTEN EMPLOYED WITH BLUNT-  
HEADED FEATHERLESS ARROWS-  
SOMETIMES A SMALL POINT WAS  
FITTED IN THE BLUNT END.



SENECA HEADDRESS  
WITH SILVER BAND.



FEATHERS  
ATTACHED IN  
A SPIRAL  
DIRECTION.

WAR ARROWS VARY  
IN DETAIL - THE SHAFT  
IS USUALLY SPLIT  
AND FASTENED TO  
THE HEAD WITH  
FINE THINGS.



WINTER MOCCASIN



SUMMER MOCCASIN OF  
WOVEN GRASS..



PEACE PIPE...

